



their hearts, for it assured them now, as it did after every great storm, that Sim Belden was still alive, still able to grub under the foot of the everthreatening avalanches for the fortune he had left the world to win.

Sim Belden was a tall, handsome giant of 30, who had come from no one knew where. The few who knew him thought he was unsocial, and those with whom he traded at Garland believed that he had hit upon a rich find under the snow line, and that he would make it hot for the man who tried to be his neighbor.

Sim Belden had been mining alone in the Sierra Blanca, but during the past twelve months he had a companion, a young Ute lad named Pedro. whom he had found dying and abandoned over on the headwaters of the

Del Norte. When Sim Belden, without any process of law, became Pedro's guardian, that youth's knowledge of English was confined to the one word, "damn." His acquaintance with Spanish was a little more extensive. He knew that buenos dias meant "good day;" sabe, "understand;" si, senor, "yes, sir," and dinero, "money." But there is a language of signs which all understand.

Sim had just come up from Garland burdened with a great pack of eatables, and a proportionate amount of drinkables, for the traditions of his youth led him to believe that both were essential to a popular observance of the season.

This evening in the cabin, after supper, Sim Belden was unusually talkative, and, forgetting or ignoring that Pedro's comprehension of English was limited, he rattled on like one thinking aloud and wishing for no comment on what he said.

"It's been no end of a fine day, Pedro-just like the New Year eves we used to have back in the Alleghanies when I was a boy like you. But tonight we'll pay for it, and I'm much | wrote two notes-one to Jack, leaving | you, Sim!" afraid tomorrow will be a regular old. howling New Year's day."

Seeing that the white man hesitated Pedro looked wonderingly up and said, marry my brother. Then I started for "Si, senor."

himself on a cinnamon bearskin before the fire, looked at Pedro for a few minutes and then went on, "Of course, Pedro, you wasn't ever in love?"

his head like one perplexed.

"No. Pedro, you don't savey, and I unless you're deal sure. But, then, of it from my lips. Savey?" no one is ever dead sure of a woman, "Si, senor," said Pedro, without the and how only that afternoon he had

"Now, Pedro, I ain't in the habit of giving myself away. I'm one of the again, but he changed from his purkind that keeps his trouble to him- pose by a rush, a roar, and a crash self, but there's something 'bout New | that filled the air and shook the earth Year's that makes one confidential as if the mountain was tumbling into like."

"Si, senor," said Pedro, as he extended his lithe form toward the warm-

on his upturned palms, looked at the with an expression of intent anxiety. dancing flames and continued:

"There was never a man loved his hear, man? Speak out!" brother as I loved my brother Jack. Two years younger'n me, and handsome as a picture-no wonder Alice trail he shouted: Thorpe shock me for him. But it wasn't fair. That's why I kicked, When our raft went to pieces on the Susquehanna years and years ago, it was Jack that, not caring for himself, dove under the logs and fished me out. But often and often, as I've sat by this fire as I'm doing now, I wished he'd have let me drown. It's no use to save a life and curse it.

"Jack was always wild, and when father died and left all the property to me except \$5 for him, I put my arm about him and said: 'Never mind, Jack. I'll divvy fair. So long as I've got a dollar 50 cents of it is yours." Then he kissed me like when we were boys, and there were tears on my cheek that did not come from my eyes."

The giant's voice became hoarse, and while he was clearing his throat Pedro gave utterance to his first English word, "Damn!"

"Yes. Pedro, that's just how I often feel. You see I can't blame him for falling in love with her, for heaven never made a prettier woman; but it was the deceit on both sides. You un-

"Si, senor." years ago this very New Year's eve when I discovered them in the hall of down the snow-piled trail. her house talking in loving whispers and with his arm about her. My God! I felt like striking the two dead, but I galloped back home, where my aunt was the housekeeper, for mother was



"WHITE MAN! WHITE MAN!"

dead. I said nothing to her, but I him all the property, and the other to Alice Thorpe, telling her I'd discovered she was false and asking her to the west, and the life before me was Sim Belden lit his pipe and throwing gloomy as the canon depths on a

cloudy midnight. "At first I felt like changing my jealousy. name; but, as I'd never brought disgrace on it, I let it stand. What mat-Pedro said, "Si, senor," and scratched | ters a name to a man, who's left the world behind forever?

"There's the story, Pedro. That's hope you never will. If you should why I'm here, and you're the first and ever be took that way, commit suicide | the last human being that'll ever hear still holding his brother's hand, Jack

or of a man either, for the matter of | slightest comprehension of the secret that had been confided to him.

Sim Belden was about to speak St. Luis park.

"A snowslide! Thank God there's no one on the trail between here and Garland tonight!" Sim Belden sat up Sim Belden turned over on his and looked at the Indian boy, whose breast, and resting his bearded chin lean face and black eyes were filled "What is it. Pedro? What do you

> For reply Pedro bounded to his feet, and pointing in the direction of the

"White man! White man!" In an instant Sim had the door open.



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR SIM!" vision to the path of light before the open door, but above the roaring of the storm he heard the cry:

"Help! For God's sake, help!" "Stay here and keep the door open!" "Curious enough, it was just three! That is what Sim Belden shouted as he buttoned up his fur coat and leaped

Pedro had no conception of the ordinary measure of time, but it seemed to him that at least a day had passed bit my lip till the blood came; then I since the white man had disappeared. At length his heart was gladdened as he saw him breasting through the snow and bearing another white man in his

> Sim Belden staggered into the cabin, and laid his burden on the fur covered floor, and the instant he saw the face of the unconscious man he dropped on his knees, took the head in his arms and cried out as he kissed the face so like his own.

> "Jack! Jack! O God, it's Jack! Do you hear me? Look up! Here's Sim! Here's Sim, asking you on his knees to forgive him!"

Sim and Pedro stripped off the wet clothes, rubbed the white form till the glow of life came back, and placed him in a bunk and wrapped him in furs. By the time a steam punch was

ready Jack Belden rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then from the bunk two white arms were extended. and he sobbed: "After years of seeking I've found

There is nothing more sacred than the tears of honest, strong men.

Pedro looked on in wonder, and though he could not understand what was said, he realized that one had come who was nearer to his guardian's heart than himself, but he felt no pangs of

After a time Jack Belden felt strong enough to sit up. He looked at his watch, and seeing that it was after midnight, he reached out his hand to his brother and said:

"A happy New Year, dear Sim!" And told the story of his three years' search

place.

But there was more to tell. When Sim discovered him with Alice Thorpe, just three years before this, he was telling the girl that he had become engaged to her cousin Ethel, and was begging her to plead his case with the

father and mother of his betrothed. "Since the day you left, Sim, I've been a changed man, and a drop of liquor hasn't passed my lips. But it is not of myself, but of Alice I would speak. She was ever true to you, and though she thinks you dead, she is still true to your memory, and tonight by the fire in the old home, where she gave you her love, she is weeping for a dead one who thought her false."

The storm continued the next day, but in all that wild land no cabin held two happier hearts than those of the brothers reunited under the eaves of the avalanche far up the Sierra Blan-

Shortly after this Sim Belden sold out his claim and accompanied his brother to the east. They took Pedro with them and sent him to the Indian school at Carlisle, where he became a teacher.

Every new year he visits his guardian and his wife, and the children of both brothers love him. His knowledge of English is perfect, and he fully comprehends the story told him by Sim Belden in the mountain shack that New Year's eve.

THE VESTAL AT THE CATE.

When today with vestal grace She stood before your dwelling place, Did you take her by the hand, Bid her welcome to the land, With the cordial love and greeting That we owe a friend at meeting?

Fair and sweet to look upon Was this lily maid at dawn, With her dark locks flowing down. And her saffron hood and gown Set about with starry border, Symbol of her priestly order.

And we owe to her. I hold. Whether she be kind or cold, Whether she being rue or myrrh When we lift our gates to her, Well and duly to receive her, Lest our sad complaining grieve her.

What she brings us, heaven sent, Take your gift and be content, Though it be not what you sought, And your prayers seem set at naught, He knows best, who ruled the giving, What we need for holy living.

Do not vex her with dismay At the pangs of yesterday, Nor disturb her heart in vain With the hint of coming pain; For a fell, impending sorrow May be God's best gift tomorrow.

-Ola Moore.

ETHEL'S NEW YEAR'S CALLER.

All day long Ethel wished and wished that she was a grown-up lady like Sister Grace, so that she could have a New Year's caller.

But the long, bright day went by and not a single call did she have. After supper she went slowly up into the parlor and looked discontentedly out of the window.

Right under the gaslight she saw a glossy black cat. He took up first one paw and then the other out of the flaky snow and looked this way and that before starting on his journey once more. Then he ran along the sidewalk in front of Ethel's home and

jumped quickly up the steps. "It's my caller!" exclaimed Ethel,

breathlessly. "It truly is!" She opened the door and in walked pussy, over the fur rug, into the parfor and sat down in front of the fire. In a second Ethel was beside him, hugging and petting him.

Pussy seemed to like it and curled himself up contentedly in Ethel's lap. He purred very loud for a few minutes and then went to sleep.

"It's my New Year's caller!" explained Ethel. "He came his own self, mamma, and I'm going to keep him forever!"

Pussy has never made any objection to that plan and so Ethel still has her caller, and she says her New Year's



"IT'S MY CALLER!" EXCLAIMED ETHEL.

call was the very best one, for it has lasted nearly a whole year. MARJORY DEANE.

In the Holldays. 'Tis chilly when returns come in.

And you have done your part, To find that the majority Gave you the marble heart. Tis chilly when you woo a girl

To have a rival win, And get invited finally To see her marry him.

But, ah, the coldest thing of all In this chill month, no doubt, Is to be told at 5 a. m. "The fires are all out!"

learned at Garland of Sim's hiding NEWS OF INDIANA.

MINOR HAPPENINGS DURING THE PAST WEEK.

The State Has a Profitable Gold Producing Section-Ura Decker Not Yet Caught-Banker Johnson Having a

Indiana's "Klondike."

Franklin special: The streams of Brown county, a few miles south of here, have been found to yield gold of the finest quality, that, on the market, brings from \$21 to \$22 an ounce. When, a few days ago, a half score of natives were working, quietly washing sand from the creek bottoms, many may now be seen, picking up the precious metal on the points of knives, transferring it to small bottles and finding it profitable. Gold has been found in Bean, Lick and Bean Blossom creeks for forty years and in quantities that lead the prospectors to believe that rich veins lie hidden in the hills. Mr. Richards says that he has washed gold from the sand of Bean creek for forty years, and has often made as much as \$28 a day. The Peace brothers, George, Lafe and Charley, have purchased a tract of land and are mining on an extensive scale, though working the black sand they find in the creek bottoms only. They have two machines and have been giving all their time to the work for several months. It is said, on good authority, that operators have, in the last few years, marketed about \$40,000 worth of Brown county gold.

Ura Decker's Wild Flight.

Hazleton telegram: Ura Decker, the youth of this place who tried to pass a forged check on a Princeton bank, and who shot Town Marshal Murphy of Patoka, who attempted his arrest, made his escape through the woods and fields to the neighborhood of the Morris bridge, where he stole a horse and rode homeward, turning the animal loose after reaching here. Decker all points east and west. breakfasted at his father's home, and then left by way of a rear fence, hiding himself in the bottoms. Constable McAfee procured bloodhounds and followed the trail for several miles without overtaking the fugitive. Patoka has offered \$25 reward for the boy's arrest. John Murphy, the town marshal of Patoka, is well liked in that neighborhood, and should he die of his injuries it will go hard with his murderer, if the latter is overtaken. The bullet entered the body below the breastbone, passing through the right

Displeased With Johnson's Pienic, Logansport dispatch: The report of favors shown to John F. Johnson at the Columbus prison has provoked Indiana. much comment here. A bitter sentiment prevails against the bankwreckof dollars through his embezzlement are not overly pleased to know that his punishment is little more than detention in a place where he commands comforts, and even luxuries. Lyle Emmett, of this city, whom Johnson is reported with having accompanied part of the way to the railway station during Emmett's recent visit at Columbus, has published a card denying the same.

General State News.

The coroner's inquiry into the death | of Harvey Lloyd, of Moore's Hill, shows that the demise was the result of natural causes, and that there was nothing warranting a suspicion of foul play. Three months ago Mr. Lloyd married Mrs. Mary Mann, a widow, and not long afterward was prostrated by paralysis.

The B. & O. Railway Company, in making repairs, pumped dry an old pond near Dillsboro, and great quantities of fine bass and other game fish were secured by the neighbors, who carried them away by the basket-

Sidney E. Haight, a former owner, purchased the plant of the Columbus Republican at receiver's sale; consideration, \$3,600. The total indebtedness is \$9,000. Mr. Haight will continue the publication. In a fight between Ida Lemon and

Queenie Skinner at Anderson, the former used a knife on her antagonist with serious effect. Clara Duncan, officiating as peace-maker, was also stabbed.

There is a protest of insurance agents at Peru because the county commissioners have cancelled all insurance contracts and renewed policies with one agent.

Ex-Congressman A. N. Martin, of Bluffton, has addressed a letter to the Decatur Democrat disclaiming all purposes of standing for congress in the Eighth district.

Charles E. Pritchard, of Montezuma, convicted at Rockville of receiving deposits after knowing that his bank was insolvent, has been removed to Michigan City.

A dog showing signs of hydrophobla bit Otis Brubaker, near Lagro, together with his wife and sister-in-law, and the injured people are much disturbed.

Judge John D. Miller, of Greensburg, disabled by long illness, and who resumed his judicial duties a day or two ago, finds himself again prestrated.

Besides controlling the Muncie News and the Rushville Graphic, it is now claimed that Perry S. Heath is negotiating for a newspaper at Lafay-

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